CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

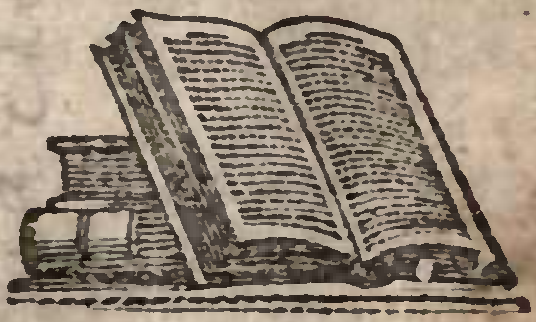
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

THE

THREE LITTLE BOYS

AND THEIR

CAKES.



COOPERSTOWN:

Printed by H. & E. Phinney.

STORY OF

HARRY AND HIS CAKE.

THERE was a little boy whose name was Harry ; and his papa and mama sent him to school.——Now Harry was a clever little fellow, and loved his book ; and he got to be the first in his class.

So his mamma got up one morning very early, and called Betty the maid, and said, Betty, I think we must make a cake for Harry, for he has learned his lesson very well.—And Betty said, yes, with all my heart.

UCLA RESEARCH LIBRARY DEPARTMENTS

So they made a nice cake; it was very large, and stuffed full of plums, sweetmeats, orange, and citron; and it was iced all over with sugar; it was white and smooth on the top like snow: and this cake was sent to school.

When little Harry saw the cake, he was very glad, and jumped about for joy; and he

hardly stayed for a knife to cut a piece, but gnawed it like a little dog.

So he ate till the bell rang for school, and after school he

ate again, and ate till he went to bed; nay, his bed-fellow told me he laid his cake under his pillow, and sat up in the night to eat some. And he ate and ate, till it was all gone.

But presently after, this little boy was very sick and ill, and every body said, I wonder what is the matter with Harry! he used to be so brisk, and play about more nimbly than any of the boys; but now he looks pale, and is very ill.

And somebody said, Harry had a rich cake, and he ate it up very soon, and that has made him ill.

So they sent for Dr. Chamomile, and gave him I do not

know how much bitter stuff. Poor Harry did not like it at all; it was a bitter pill, but the doctor said he must take it: or else he might have died you know. However, at last he got well again; but his mamma said she would send him no more cakes.

STORY OF

PETER AND HIS CAKE.

Now there was another boy, who was one of Harry's school-fellows: his name was Peter. The boys used to call him Pe-

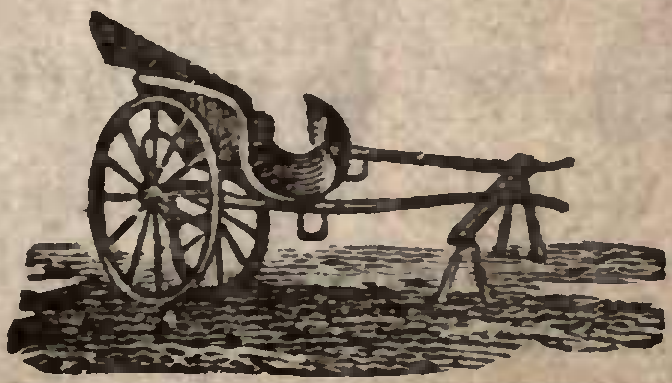
ter Careful. And Peter had written his mamma a very neat, pretty letter; there was not one blot in it all. So his mamma sent him a cake.

Now Peter thought with himself, I will not be so silly as to make myself sick with this good cake, as Harry did; I will keep it a great while. So he took the cake and tugged it away up stairs; it was very heavy; he could hardly lift it.

And he locked it up in his box, and once a day he crept slily up stairs, and ate a very little piece, and then locked his box again. So he kept it several weeks, and it was not

gone, for it was very large; but, behold! the mice got into the box and nibbled some.

And Peter's cake grew dry and mouldy, and at last he was obliged to throw it away; and it grieved him to the very heart, but nobody was sorry for him.



STORY OF

BILLY AND HIS CAKE.

Well, there was another little boy at the same school, whose name was Billy. And one day his mamma sent him a cake, because she loved him dearly, and he loved her dearly. So

when the cake came, Billy said to his school fellows, I have got a cake; come, let us go and eat it.

So they came about him like a parcel of bees; and Billy took a slice of cake himself, and then gave a piece to one, and a piece to another, till it was almost gone. Then Billy put the rest by, and said, we will eat this to-morrow. So he went to play, and the boys all played together very merrily.

But presently after, an old blind man came into the yard. He had a long white beard; and because he was blind, he

had a little dog in a string to lead him. So he came into the yard and sat down upon a stone. And they all left off their sport, and came and stood round him.

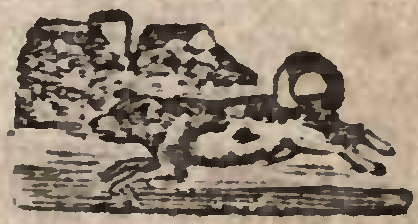
And Billy saw that the tears ran down his cheeks. And Billy said, Good man, why do you cry? And the old man said, Because I am hungry. I have nobody to give me any dinners or suppers; I have nothing in the world but this little dog, and I cannot work; if I could work, I would

Then Billy went, without saying a word, and brought the rest of the cake, which he

intended to have eaten the next day; and he said, Here, old man, here is some cake for you. The old man said, Where is it? for I am blind, I cannot see it. So Billy put it into his hat.

And the poor old man thanked him; and Billy was more glad than if he had eaten ten cakes.

Pray, which do you love best? Do you love Harry, or Peter, or Billy best?



TOMMY AND JANE.

Once Tommy had a young & very pretty little bird: he put it in a cage, and fed it, and gave it drink: he took good care of it, yet it wanted to get out and fly away; but Tommy kept the door shut, and would

not let it out; so the poor thing died in the cage.

Once Jane had a bird in a cage, and the bird wanted to get out; so Jane opened the door of the cage and took it out. Poor bird, says she, I did not want to hurt thee; go, fly away to the trees, and find thy mamma.

Harry, would you keep a poor little bird shut up in a cage? You would not like yourself to be shut up all night and all day, in a hollow tree; so the poor bird does not like to be shut up in a cage.

THE END.